



The man in the shadows



15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Mr.Midnight

Everyone has heard stories of seeing a shadow or shadow man. I saw one when I was ten. I am an identical twin and my brother and I shared a room in our childhood home. The first time I remember seeing this shadowy figure was floating over my brother's bed. At ten years old you start to fear the boogeyman a little more. I remember being scared to not go asleep at night. My brother never stirred. It just consistently floated back and forth over his bed and eventually disappeared through the wall. I remember it like it was yesterday. The room was so dark, I had to rub my eyes to make sure I wasn't seeing things and I wasn't.

As the years went by, I saw the shadowy figure on an irregular basis. It never scared me or even awoke my brother. It was always by him. It never ventured to my side of the room. I guess I had mentioned it to my mother a few times, but of course she told me I was seeing things or having nightmares. After a while I just started believing that I was really going crazy. Not fearing this unknown thing or feeling threatened was about to change.

It was a very warm summer night; I was 15 years old at this point. After a severe thunderstorm had taken the electric out, we had to open the windows to cool down. We had cold fried chicken

and played board games by the candlelight. Then at 9pm it was bedtime. There was a consistent steady breeze flowing from the open window in our house. I was just about to fall asleep when the shadow figure caught my eye. It was over my brother's bed, as usual, but the air felt different. For it being so warm, it felt like a cold draft. I remember watching this thing over my brother's bed, I suddenly felt anxious and began to levitate him over his bed. The shadow figure had merely been just a presence until this point. He was lifted almost to the

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ceiling and then began to move towards the door. When it took him past me I began to scream for my mother. The shock of my scream must have spooked the figure because my brother fell from the air on to the floor with a thud. My grandmother rushed in to comfort him, but the figure I kept referring to was gone.

Many nights passed in that tiny home without seeing the shadow man. I wondered if we really had scared it away. I will admit it was peaceful knowing it was no longer there, but a part of me wanted to see it again. When my mother sold the house I often wondered if it ever came to visit the new owners.

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